

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

VOL. XIV.]

Saturday, April 18,.....1812.

[NO. 26.]

EXTRACTED.

FROM

THE FOUNDLING OF
BELGRADE.

Few sensations are more grateful than those which arise from a spontaneous effusion in favor of an injured friend. I saw Kyoprili accused of a crime the very idea of which would have driven him to madness. I beheld all the proud laurels which his intrepidity had won blighted on his tomb, his anguished spirit too, hovering o'er the eternal infancy they bespoke, and while beckoning me to wipe away the foul calumny which disturbed the peaceful mansions of the grave, methought blazoned on its front, I read—

AHMED YOU OWE THIS TO
KYOPRILI!

There was a benignity in the countenance of the stranger which attracted my notice from the first. Having heard his sentiments, I grasped his hands in the transports of grateful joy. I commenced with my earliest infancy, related to him the accident which brought me acquainted with Kyoprili, spoke of

his tender care of an unfortunate orphan, dwelt upon his endless virtues, and his greatness of soul! delicacy forbade my mentioning the interview with Mustapha and I finished with a solemn avowal that he fell by my side.

Scarcely had I finished my short narrative when a group from the table we had left, burst open the apartment where we were, and began to renew the vein of ridicule in which they had been recently so lavish. Such premeditated insult was not to be endured; nor could the persuasion of the stranger restrain the satisfaction I was resolved to seek. Nettled at the severity of my retort, and fancying myself secure, because he was surrounded by many friends, one had the effrontery to lay a cane across my shoulders. This was enough to decide my conduct, and at one blow I severed his head from his shoulders. Appalled at this unlooked for consequence, and guarding against what was in reserve, cowards as they were his companions betook themselves to flight.

The stranger acknowledged the justness of the punishment; but

recommended instant flight to avoid the vigilance of the police. In the morning through his friendly disposition was I furnished with a letter of recommendation to a military acquaintance at Madrid, and assuming the name of Alfonso, I embarked for Cadiz.

My reception at Madrid by don Enrilli was suitable to what his friend had taught me to expect.—He was not opulent; but through his interest I obtained a commission in this corps. This was the last act of Enrilli's kindness: in a few days he fell a sacrifice to a disorder to which he had been a martyr for years. You know the rest.

Such was the history of Alfonso, such the object of the journey he was undertaking on that night, with the catastrophe of which we commenced this volume. We left him at the Franciscan monastery whither he had been sent charged with a second mission by the duke. He declined the refreshment offered to him by the abbot, and instantly took his leave promising to return within the hour that he might accompany him back to the duke. He was anxious to take Bernard by the hand. They had been separated for longer than was at first contemplated—many important things had taken place in the interval—he had much to say, much to ask. The fortune which began to smile upon him was new and unexpected—it

would delight the ear of his friend; it would do more—Violente would assist Bernard in his suit with Mariana!

It was an interesting meeting; they had not seen each other for near a month. The cause of their separation we have already announced: both were under peculiar embarrassment when they parted, and each when they met sought the relation of the other's story with impatience. Alfonso had little time to spare, and briefly stated the outline of his adventure, his intended visit to the convent of St. Clare, and his desire to assist Bernard in his plans in that quarter.

Bernard was attentive, and shared in the bright prospect which awaited his friend; but the idea of deriving the advantage suggested by Alfonso operated very differently in his mind. Peculiar circumstances had intervened their last interview; these weighed heavily with Bernard; and he who had formerly accused Alfonso of a want of confidence became the first aggressor. When Alfonso spoke of interceding with Mariana through Violante a deep sigh burst from the bosom of Bernard; this did not escape the notice of the former; but there were various cogent motives that Bernard should conceal this secret of his heart.

Already have we said that our aim is the delineation of character rather than a disposition to dwell

upon abstract principles, or to moralize upon the bias of human action. We are alive to those frailties incident to man, and we feel inclined to be the apologist for his irregularities; but though we are less given to censure than desirous to applaud, it shall be our aim also to commit each agent to the moral criticism of our readers. Bernard in the absence of Alfonso, had succeeded in his desire of beholding and conversing with Mariana; but he had also beheld Violante—that interview was of fatal consequence:—his heart suddenly divorced its object, and yielding to Violante's charms, unhesitatingly acknowledged itself a slave. In the duke's injunctions to Alfonso he beheld, as he fancied, a dangerous rival; and much as he wished it, his pride revolted at an avowal of his fickle nature. He contrasted the mean and shameless deception he was about to practise with the candor of his friend. To a moment in which he beheld no motive for his suspicions of Alfonso's rivalry, the slightest chance of a barrier to his own hope succeeded to deter the avowal of his passion for Violante. Yet was it vain to be silent upon the transactions of the last month:—to conceal from his friend that he gained admittance to the convent would only quiet a momentary uneasiness: the truth would soon reach his ear, and he should be detected in a base subterfuge.

It were surely, thought Bernard,

more honorable to avow all: but then the dread of a successful rival poisoned the ingenuousness he would practise.—“It is the middle compound character, (says Junius) which alone is vulnerable.—The man who without courage to avoid a dishonorable action, has feeling enough to be ashamed of it.”—Alfonso became impatient: Bernard wavering and irresolute, half discovered the fever of mind he struggled to hide. As a quietus to his conscience, however he at length indulged himself with the conceit that the concealment of his passion was an excuseable artifice, and might well enough accord with the other parts of the transactions at the convent. Besides, there was a circumstance connected with these transactions which he was anxious to communicate to Alfonso. It had been productive of much speculation, and he looked upon the access Alfonso was about to have to the convent as the only means by which he should unravel the truth or fallacy of his conjectures. In order to judge correctly of Bernard's conduct to his friend, let us go back to the period of Alfonso's departure.

Long had he ruminated upon the scheme he should adopt to rescue Mariana from the convent of St. Clare. Baffled had been his prospects even to the chance of seeing her, till at length a grand festival in honor of the tutelary

Saint was announced. This was

a few days previous to Alfonso's return: already had he prepared a letter for the object of his infatuation, and without assigning the motive, he imparted to a brother officer a desire of witnessing the approaching ceremony, and a request that he would accompany him to the convent. The invitation was acceded to, and after drinking pretty freely at the mess, they sallied forth, the one in quest of adventure, the other in the hope of enjoying a sight of those charms which report alone had operated thus powerfully to enslave him.

(*To be Continued.*)

For the Lady's Miscellany.

SLAVERY.

This however would be but the veneration of their pristine and natural state;—restoring unto them that which every mortal under the canopy of heaven, whether of a *pallid* or *sable* hue, has a right to claim as his inborn privilege—Freedom. Yet every humane bosom should expand with rapturous joy, every advocate of liberty should exult that equity and nature have at least prevailed over dirt, turpitude and avariciousness: yea the mountains shall proclaim the glory, the valleys shall reverberate the praises and the eliminated Africans shall invoke benedictions upon the heads of those liberal sons of freedom who humanely cut an avenue through the strong

bulwarks of Slavery, which will lead its victims up to the desirable goal of total emancipation. But many, too many alas! there are, whose conduct palpably manifest that the Negro's song of liberty is unharmonious to their ears, that they would yet grasp their departing victim as the rude boy wistfully endeavours to re-inthral the panting bird as it leaves the portal of its prison.

Can we conceive of a being more despicable than he who visits the holy place of divine worship, and with an "eye of saintly elevation" listens to the expounding of the mild love producing principles of christianity; that religion whose very essence is humility and composition; that religion which requires of us to love all mankind as our brethren; to succour those in the grasp of cruel power; to wipe away the tears of affliction and not to oppress or deal harshly with any man—I say can the imagination engender a character more loathsome than this specious demure who after leaving the temple of God retires to his dwelling, throws off the mask and with ruthless fury beats tortures and treads under feet his unhappy slave who perhaps is far more innocent and noble minded than himself. And by what approbrious epithet shall that man be known who with his foot placed upon the neck of an agonized fellow being, talks of patriotism, of "the rights of man" and utters his political creed in

these words: I deem this truth self-evident that the benign creator designed one section of his creatures to domineer over another, I venerate justice; I detest a tyrant and will assist with all my might to exterminate him from the earth; I am enamoured of liberty. I wish to see her genial influence diffused over the whole globe, and should it be required I will sacrifice every thing I hold dear, my ease, my property and my life.

Accursed hypocrites, mercenary catiffs, ye despoilers of human bliss, ye unwhipt harpies and depredators on the harmony of society and the rights of man, avaunt! It would not be wandering beyond the ambitude of truth to say ye are congenial spirits of a sanguinary Nero, a merciless Cortez and a subtle, dissimulating Cromwell.—The *manner* is different, but the *culpability* and *consequences* are similar, as tending to facilitate undue oppression and injustice: as tending to increase the 'mighty ills' of mortal life. Those 'men destroying villians' inebriated with the maddening juice of boundless ambition, 'and in the cruel wantonness of power' profusely spread desolation and misery over the earth, by prodigally sacrificing the lives and seizing the hard-earned property of their sequacious vassals. But ye venal traffickers in human flesh, give to haggard misery most ample sway, let loose the blood-hounds of disorder and desolation, ye cause your fellow beings

to writhe and groan under the ponderous weight of complicated woes; by ravishing from them the inestimable jewel of the soul, the sweetener of life, the nutriment of genius; *Liberty*: and to bind fast your furtive acquisitions, ye artfully and criminally chain your victims in the murky cave of torpid ignorance.

If the principle by which ye enslave an African, be venial and just, by that very principle ye are warranted in ravishing of his freedom any descendant of Adam in existence: and there is nothing to deter ye from commencing such a system of infinite havock—a system which would subvert the whole fabric of morality and order—but the dread of reproach, ignomy and punishment. But such your duplicity & circumventive turpitude, in order to palliate your diabolical conduct, ye attempt to screen yourselves behind the covert of a miserable sophistry, which need only be touched by the fraud-dispelling wand of truth, and the guileful baseness of your motives appear in all their deformity.—You maintain that what you have purchased, what you have given your dear, adoreable gold for, you have a right to hold. True you have as much right to retain an African in your possession, as the vile accipient has to the spoils purchased of a rapacious picaroon.

'Cursed be its tenure, cursed its cruel cause;

Freedom's a dearer property than gold.'

F.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

SOCIAL HAPPINESS are words so fascinating to the ear, so pleasing to the fancy, that they are never heard without producing a desire to participate the pleasure to be thus communicated. The solitary being, who, deserting or deserted by society, might be contented in a lonely hermitage, in the center of a forest, or on the mountain's top, cannot while in the view of men entirely dispel the painful sensation of beholding that social happiness into which he will not or cannot enter.—It was said of a learned philosopher 'that he was never less alone than when alone' by a like liberty of figurative speech, it might be said of the character above depicted, that he is alone in the midst of the crowd, and there feels the pain of separation from society with double force. Quitting instances of a few misanthropes, we find the remainder of mankind ever pursuing or enjoying social happiness. It would be well if all were as anxious to communicate, as they are eager to enjoy that state of happiness which suffers no diminution by participation, but, on the contrary, increases by reflection the stock of the giver.—But as the human passions are variously inclined, and, are even as opposite as vice and virtue, we cannot expect that every seeker of happiness will also be pleased in seeing others equally happy as himself.—These reflections were suggested by observing the con-

duct of an elderly lady who formed one of a number of guests drawn together a few evenings ago, for the professed purpose of communicating happiness to each other, but how unhappily was the object of the meeting frustrated by this matron, who, early in the evening, singled out a modest looking young man through whom she sought happiness in the only way of which she was susceptible. By a very ingenious and indirect ridicule she succeeded in turning the observations of the company on this young gentleman and thereby so embarrassed him that he soon withdrew to seek happiness elsewhere. She then directed her ill-natured satire against a beautiful young lady, and had nearly effected her design, when an old man, (the owner of the house, who until now sat silently on one side of the fire place,) thus addressed her.—'Madam, I am too old to join in the plays and amusements of the young, but I am pleased at seeing them happy, and thus partake of their pleasures—I have always learned that the object of convivial meetings, like the present, is the communication of social happiness, and that the person, who would obstruct this end, should be considered unworthy of remaining in the company; I further learned that the inviter of the guests became responsible to each individual for safety from ill-treatment—I have ill-fulfilled my duty in permitting a young gentleman to be, this evening, driven from my

house by your conduct, and I am now obliged to interfere in defence of a young lady treated nearly in a similar manner: I wish not to offend you, but I must enforce the precept that commands each member of this society to *do unto others as he or she would be done unto.*'—

The aged lady hung down her head, felt the justice of the reproof, and, after a few minutes spent in silence, withdrew, leaving the company to enjoy the remaining part of the evening in uninterrupted happiness.—May the fate of the aged lady be an instructive lesson to all who frequent company; and may every master and mistress of a family take example by the old gentleman, and check every attempt to frustrate the happiness of convivial parties.

T.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE BUSY-BODIES.

No. I.

Quid agis? Hor.

As we are universally allowed to be men of parts and learning, we shall make no apology for presenting ourselves before the public. The obligation in this respect is altogether on the side of the public; for when a man devotes his time and talents to their amusement & instruction, without even an expectation of a reward, he surely confers a favour for which he ought to receive their thanks, ra-

ther than make them an apology. But we ask not the one; neither shall we grant the other. We know there are many who ought not only to apologize for sending their writings into the world, but also thanks their readers, when ever they can find them, for the trouble they have been at, in wading through their pages. We however, are not of this number, for we consider ourselves as fully competent to the task we have undertaken, and as we write for our own amusement, as others have done before us, so if we please ourselves, we expect our readers will be pleased also. If they are not, we can only say—It is not our fault.

We call ourselves Busy-bodies. —Willing to know the precise meaning of the name we have assumed, we have just looked into the Dictionary for the word Busy-body; which we find to be 'a vain, meddling, fantastical person.'

This is a singularly apt description of us, and gives our characters exactly.—*First*, we are *vain*.—Have we not said in the beginning of our paper, that we are universally allowed to be men of parts and learning? This we have said for ourselves in advance, fearing nobody else would say it of us. Our vanity appears also in that arrogant assertion that we will not apologize for presenting ourselves before the public, in as much as we consider the public our debtor for

the advice and instruction we intend to bestow upon them gratis, and ourselves under no obligation to them whatever. We know if they read our paper, they will do it not so much for our sakes, as for their own. They will read it for amusement; and while they find amusement in it will continue to read it; but if we grow dull, or sometimes write in a more serious style than pleases them, they will throw our speculations by, as the stupid productions of still more stupid fellows who have neither wit, nor originality to recommend them.

The second trait in our characters is *meddling*, and so we truly are. But mind ye; we meddle with no bodies business, but our own; and this we think we have a right to do without being accountable for our conduct. We have no doubt but that there will be a great misunderstanding between us and our readers, as to what *is* our business; but as we are our own judges, for every man is the best judge of his own affairs, we are little concerned on this account, for whatever we shall determine to be under our controul, of our own will and pleasure, that truly is our business, let who will say the contrary. We intend, therefore to meddle with what we please, and who we please; for as we shall make every bodys business our own, therefore every bodys business will be ours, and with that only shall we trouble ourselves.

Lastly, we are *fantastical*. The word fantastical is from the French *fantastique* and means 'capricious, whimsical.' Now we are the most capricious and whimsical fellows alive; and have no more stability about us than the weather-cock upon the Trinity Church Steeple. It was one of the most whimsical freaks in the world that determined us to write this paper, and if we mistake not, our readers will have proof enough of our whimsicality before we have done with it.

Thus much for our characters. It remains that we give some account of our names and lineage so far at least as we have, at present concluded upon doing.

The gentleman who is the author of this introduction, and who is the only person we intend as yet to name to the public, is lineally descended from Adam. It is uncertain however through which of Noah's sons his pedigree is derived; and until it shall be certainly known from whence the original inhabitants (of Britain) had their origin this matter must continue to remain in obscurity. All that is certainly known is, that his ancestors were of Welch and English extraction and emigrated to this country before the revolution, and have ever since been inhabitants of it. His education is well known among his immediate companions who say it is much better than it might have been, and not so good as it ought to be. The defects

of it however are not so much to be attributed to his parents as to himself, who is of so eccentric and restless disposition, that it is owing to his own want of steady application that his improvement has not been greater than it is. He never could apply himself to a single study until he was master of it; but was fond of roaming from one pursuit to another until he had skimmed the whole circle of the sciences. As he has pursued his humour in this so he has followed the bent of his inclinations in all the actions of his life, by which means he has failed to acquire the riches that many of his companions have done, and now lives like a gentleman upon his means and is never indebted to any one.—The name of this personage is THOMAS FICKLE Esq.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Mr. Editor

By inserting the following Enigmatical list of Doctors, in your Miscellany, you will much oblige the Author.

1 Four eights of a picture changing a letter.

2 Three fifths of one of the Prophetical books in scripture, 3 fourteenths of a confession.

3 Three sixths of a large basket, two sevenths of a common name of the furies and a word signifying cunning.

4 A land measure, three sixths of a famous giant with three heads, and one fourth of a wise man.

5 Three fourths of a testament, and three sixths of an ape changing a letter.

6 A salute with the lips, and 2 eights of the imaginary food of the Gods.

7 The handle of a rudder changing a letter, and a vowel.

8 A tree.

9 Three fifths of an utensil for cleaning, and half an apartment of a monk.

10 The Irish for sor, three sevenths of a sharp wine reversed, and two sixths of a difficult question.

11 Three sixths of a custom, two thirds of latin of laco, and one fourth of spun wool.

12 A surety for an arrested person, two thirds of the organ of vision.

LEANDER.

Solution Requested.

A Solution of the Enigmatical list of 'Young ladies at Greenwich Village.' viz.

1 Miss Burrel, 2 Gilbert, 3 Few, 4 Freleigh, 5 Mason, 6 Robins, 7 Perkins, 8 Bird, 9 Ross.

DIAGORAS.

A Solution of the Enigmatical list of Young Ladies residing at Huntington (L. I.)

1 Miss Coddington, 2 Platt, 3 Conklin, 4 Rolf, 5 Rogers, 6

Schenk, 7 Jarvis, 8 Gould, 9 Sammis, 10 Bennet, 11 Ketcham, 12 Wiggins, 13 Williams, 14 Prime, 15 Scudder, 16 Wood, 17 Brown, 18 Brush, 19 Douglass, 20 Leford, 21 Kissam, 22 Fleet, 23 Woodward, 24 Van Wyck, 25 Gardiner.

A Solution of the Enigmatical list of Lawyers in this city. viz.

1 Mr. Riker, 2 Colden, 3 Emmet, 4 Sampson, 5 Van Wyck, 6 Anthon, 7 Griffin, 8 Hammond, 9 Bogart, 10 Gardenier, 11 Phoenix, 12 Kip.

SELECTED

For the Lady's Miscellany.

Letter from Dr. Swift to Mr.

Gay—dated Dublin,

May 4, 1732.

I am now as lame as when you writ your letter; and almost as lame as your letter itself, for want of that limb from my Lady Duchess, which you promised, and without which I wonder how it could limp hither. I am not in a condition to make a true step even on Aimsbury Downs; and I declare, that a corporeal false step is worse than a political one; nay, worse than a thousand political ones; for which I appeal to courts and ministers, who hobble on and prosper, without the sense of feeling. To talk of riding and walking is insulting me; for I can as soon fly as do either. It is your pride or laziness, more than chair-

hire, that makes the town expensive. No honor is lost by walking in the dark. And in the day you may beckon a blackguard-boy under a gate, near your visiting place: (*expierto crede*) save eleven-pence and get half a crown's worth of health. The worst of my present misfortune is that I eat and drink and can digest neither for want of exercise; and, to increase my misery, the knaves are sure to find me at home, and make huge void spaces in my cellars. I congratulate with you for losing your great acquaintance. In such a case, philosophy teaches that we must submit and be content with good ones. I like Lord Cornbury's refusing his pension: but I demur at his being elected for Oxford; which I conceive, is wholly changed and entirely devoted to new principles. So it appeared to me the two last times I was there.

I find by the whole cast of your letter, that you are as giddy and as volatile as ever; just the reverse of Mr. Pope, who has always loved a domestic life from his youth. I was going to wish you had some little place that you could call your own: but I profess, I do not know you well enough to contrive any one system of life that would please you. You pretend to preach up riding and walking to the Duchess yet from my knowledge of you after twenty years, you always joined a violent desire of perpetually shifting places and company, with a rooted laziness, and an utter im-

patience of fatigue. A coach and six horses is the utmost exercise you can bear : and this only when you can fill it with such company as is best suited to your taste : & how glad would you be if it could waft you in the air to avoid jolting ? while I who am so much later in life, can or at least could, ride 500 miles on a trotting horse. You mortally hate writing, only because it is the thing you chiefly ought to do : as well to keep up the vogue you have in the world, as to make you easy in your fortune. You are merciful to every thing but money, your best friend whom you treat with inhumanity. Be assured, I will hire people to watch all your motions, and to return me a faithful account. Tell me, have you cured your absence of mind ? can you attend to trifles ? Can you at Aimsbury write domestic libels to divert the family and neighboring squires for five miles round ? or venture so far on horseback, without apprehending a stumble at every step ? Can you set the footmen a laughing as they wait at dinner ? and do the Duchess's women admire your wit ? In what esteem are you with the vicar of the parish ? Can you play with him at backgammon ? Have the farmers found out that you cannot distinguish rye from barley, or an oak from a crab-tree ? You are sensible that I know the full extent of your country-skill is in fishing for roaches, or gudgeons at the highest.

I love to do you good offices

with your friends, and therefore desire you should show this letter to the Duchess, to improve her Grace's good opinion of your qualifications, and convince her how useful you are like to be in the family. Her Grace shall have the honor of my correspondence again when she goes to Aimsbury. Hear a piece of Irish news : I buried the famous General Merydith's father last night in my Cathedral ; he was ninety-six years old : so that Mrs. Pope may live seven years longer. You saw Mr. Pope in health ; pray is he generally more healthy than when I was amongst you ? I would know how your own health is and how much wine you drink in a day. My stint in company is a pint at noon, and half as much at night ; but I often dine at home like a hermit, and then I drink little or none at all. Yet I differ from you for I would have society if I could get what I like, people of middle understanding, and middle rank.

Adieu.

—
 'I observed some mistakes in the part published last week ; some I committed myself, but I believe the greatest number are typographical.'—By perusing your manuscript, I find that *three* of the following typographical errors belongs to the Editor, and the remainder the Author must father himself—your last word 'and' for 'or' the line not being the reference could not be traced. Editor.

ERRATA—in the piece on SLAVERY—page 388, line 31, for 'inmaculate' read 'immanedled,' page 389 line 36, for 'vindictive' read 'indictive,' page 390, line

24 for 'misanthropy' read 'misanthropic' page 390 line 27, for 'traffickers' read 'trafficker,' page 390 line 29, for 'monsters' read 'monster,' page 391 second column line 27 for 'and' read 'did,' page 392 line 5 for 'mitigated' read 'mitigate' line 9 for 'mounting' read 'vaunting,' line 21 for 'possessing' read 'professing' line 31 for 'treat' read 'treated.'—in the Enigmatical list of lawyers for '4 sixths of a divine song' read 'two sixths' for '1 third of a monarch' read '4 sevenths of a sovereign. —In Geraldine's last address to Nina, for 'possess' read 'profess' for 'possessions' read 'professions.'

VARIETY.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED

For the Lady's Miscellany.

From a London Paper.

EXAMINATION IN PURE IRISH.

The following curious examination of an Hibernian coal-heaver, charged with a trifling felony, took place before a worthy Magistrate in the East, a few days since.

Mag. Well, fellow, what have you to say in your defence?

Pris. Nothing at all, your Honor or old bur'n the Prosecutor hasn't towld a word of truth!

Mag. How old are you?

Pris. Thirty and three last grass plaze your Honor!

Mag. What countryman are you?

Pris. Faith I'd been an Englishman only that I was born in Ireland!

Mag. Have you ever been to sea?

Pris. To see who, plaze your Worship,

Mag. Have you ever been out at sea in a ship?

Pris. No, your Honor.

Mag. I thought you said you were an Irishman?

Pris. So I did, your Honor.

Mag. Well, and how could you come from Ireland, unless in a ship?

Pris. Och! by my sowl, I came over in a gun-boat!

Mag. Would you like to go to sea?

Pris. No, your honor; I was sick enough for the first time I was on it.

Mag. are you a married man?

Pris. Yes, your worship; but my wife's dead!

Mag. Have you any children?

Pris. None that I have the trouble of fathering, your honor!

Mag. Has not your master always been very kind and generous towards you?

Pris. Faith, it's after he gave me nothing plaze your Worship?

Mag. You are a very ungrateful fellow!

Pris. Worse luck mine that I had nothing to be grateful for, your honor.

Mag. Which would you rather go to prison, or on board the Tender?

Pris. 'Pon my sowl you've left me my choice.—for one is bad and t'other is worse!

Mag. One of the two alternatives you must choose.

Pris. I'll trouble your Worship to choose for me,—for i'd never forgive myself if I choose either of them.

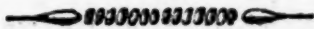
Mag. Take him to the Tender.

Pris. By the powers, its myself that hopes they'll be tender of me than your Worship.'

LADY'S MISCELLANY

NEW-YORK, April 18, 1812.

*"Be it our task,
To note the passing tidings of the times."*



TO THE PATRONS AND CORRESPONDENT'S OF THE LADY'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

In concluding the fourteenth volume of our Miscellany, we indulge the hope that, in measuring our performance with our promise, our readers will conclude that we are not altogether faulty. Many omissions may be obvious; we have, however, endeavoured to present that diversity so desirable, in a work of this nature. From the fastidious we do not expect commendation; but we hope we may not be found to have deserved the censure of the judicious.

We have so often had occasion to thank the Public for the reception with which they have been pleased to honor our labours, that the doing of it any more may appear to rise from habit, rather than any consciousness of the obligations we are under to them. We shall, therefore, beg leave to assure them, that greater pains have been taken with this volume of the Miscellany, to render it worthy of their perusal, than with any of the former; though we are very far, at the same time, from meaning to assert, that these pains have been attended with proportionable success; & much less still, that,

even in that case, we do not equally stand in need of their tenderness, since every indulgence on their side is a title to extraordinary exertions on ours.

Some circumstances, however, have distinguished the present Volume, which we may be allowed to submit, with respectful deference, to the recollection of our readers; we have enriched our Paper with, a few pieces of Moors, Stevenson, Miss Balfour and M'Creery's songs, (with the music adapted to them) and we intend to distinguish our next with the same Author's composition's, (and will publish them every week with the Music,) in a far superior style (than the last) if sufficient encouragement is given to help discharge the great expense that will attend it.

We likewise intend (in a few weeks) to Publish the above Author's Composition's in Monthly numbers, (with the Music) on fine paper, (quarto size) for the PIANO, FLUTE and VIOLIN.

Our friends to whom we are indebted for a variety of Communications, and Selected pieces, will be pleased to accept our grateful acknowledgements. The continuance of which we respectfully solicit.

EDITOR.

N. B. The INDEX to the present volume shall be as speedily compiled and delivered as is practicable. Our Patrons will be waited on in the course of the ensuing week, when we confidently expect our small demands will meet with prompt attention. Our distant Subscribers will please to forward their arrears, as soon as possible, either through the hands of Agents, or by letter, post paid.

CONDITIONS

OF THE LADY'S MISCELLANY.

The price is Two DOLLARS, per annum—distant Subscribers half yearly in advance, otherwise the papers will not be forwarded to them, except where there is Agents to collect the same.



*Apollo struck the enchanting Lyre,
The Muses sung in strains alternate.'*

For the Lady's Miscellany.

TO AMELIA.

How happy must that mortal be,
Who with a chosen few retir'd;
Has left the world no more to see
Vain pomp and splendour, foolish pride.

Retir'd to some lone Cot I'd live
The rural day, with love and thee,
Say dear Amelia wilt thou give
Such heav'n born rapture; shall it be—

Ah—shall it be the happy lot,
Of him whose fate you must decree!
Shall Celdon to some lonely Cot
Amelia fly with love and thee.

CELEDON.

From the London Courier.

TO COTTAGE CHILDREN.

GOD bless you, ye sweet little sons of
the hut,

Why startle and run from your play?
Do the sound and the sight of a stranger
affright?

Then surely but few pass this way.

Yet sweet is your Cottage that stands all
alone,

And smooth is the sward of your vale;

And clear is each crook of the wimpling
brook

That murmurs each moment farewell.

And high are the hills that enclose you
around,

Where your flocks ever peacefully
feed!

And blue as the sky that attracts your
young eye,

As it rests on the green mountain's
head.

Here meek meditation might love to re-
side,

To silence and solitude given:

And calm as they glide, might the mo-
ments divide

Between her mild house and the hea-
ven.

Dear children, but small is this valley of
yours;

Is this all the world that you know?

Yet behind this high mound, lies a world
without bound,

But alas! 'tis a world full of woe.

From the top of the hill, looking onward;
afar,

The landscape may charm by its smile,

But approach it more near, it will rugg-
ed appear,

And lost is each scene with the toil.

Then quit not your Cottage, ye sons of
the wood;

And still of your Cottage be fond;

For what do you lose, but a myriad of
woes

By knowing not what is beyond.

Let the moss cover'd seat, and the shade
of the thorn;

Which were dear to your fathers, be
thine;

And the hut that now rears your infantile
years,

Let its roof shade your hoary decline.

And sleep with your fathers—how soothing the thought!

When the suntide of life is gone by;
Give your clay to the sod, and your souls
to the God
Who dwells in yon bright azure sky.

GO WHERE GLORY WAITS THEE.

A popular Song by T. Moore, esq.

Go where glory waits thee
But while fame elates thee,
Oh! still remember me.
When the praise thou meetest,
To thine ears is sweetest,
Oh! then remember me.
Other arms may press thee,
Dearer friends caress thee,
All the joys that bless thee,
Sweeter far may be.
But when friends are nearest,
And when joys are dearest,
Oh! then remember me.
When at eve, thou rovest
By the star thou lovest
Oh! then remember me.
Think, when home returning,
Bright we've seen it burning,
Oh! thus remember me.
Oft as summer closes,
When thine eye reposes
On its ling'ring roses
Once so lov'd by thee
Think of her who wore them
Her who made thee love them
Oh! then remember me.
When around the dying
Autumn leaves are lying
Oh! then remember me.
And, at night when gazing
On the gay hearth blazing
Oh! still remember me.
Then should music stealing
All the soul of feeling,
To thy heart appealing,
Draw one tear from thee
Strains I us'd to sing thee
Oh! then remember me.

ODE.

From Miss BALFOUR'S POEMS.

Tho' the sweet lot should ne'er be mine
To rest beneath the curling vine,
Nor mine array'd in silken vest,
To waste the treasures of the west—
Say, shall I spurn what heaven supplies,
To pine for blessings it denies?
What tho' the violet's simple blue,
Boast not the rose's splendid hue?
What, though luxuriant bowers inclose
The balmy treasures of the rose;
While in some hedge's humble shade,
The bending violet is laid,
And trod beneath unhallowed feet—
Is not the violet therefore sweet?
Then let me through life's transient day,
Collect the violets on my way,
And if no rose my breast adorn,
At least, I shall escape its thorn.

FOR SALE at this OFFICE,

The 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12th, Volumes
of the LADY'S WEEKLY MISCELLANY,
handsomely bound and lettered.
Price \$1 50 cents, per volume.

Checks, Cards, Handbills

AND PRINTING IN GENERAL,
Neatly and correctly executed, on
reasonable terms; and goods
(of any kind) will be taken
in part payment,—at the
Office of the
LADY'S MISCELLANY

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
SAMUEL B. WHITE,
No. 517 Water-street, New-York
AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

